

CEREBUS GOING HOME 20

\$2.25 USA • \$3.50 CANADA • \$1.50 UK

251
FEB

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ADDENDA

So much for Ernest Hemingway's assertion that "Something omitted can still affect the reader as if it was there." (which I assumed was just ass-covering for anything he forgot to put in one of his stories because he was drunk and/or hung over). In reading page four of this issue, Ger said, "Doesn't he answer in the second panel?"

See, it's like this.

Ham has pretty much given up on communicating with Mary. If it was five years earlier in their marriage, his answer would've been "Fifteen-pound salmon." At which point she says "Not that one...etc." To which he would have replied, "You never caught a twenty-pound salmon. You got a ten-pound and a fifteen pound." And she replies, "Oh, I did so." And they go back and forth about it for ten minutes. For about two years, Ham has not answered her when she brings up the twenty-pound salmon. She is so used to hearing "Fifteen-pound salmon," that she just fills that part in for him, mentally. Partly as a result of menopause and partly because she is more than just a bit of a nut-case, she has started mixing together both sides of the conversation. i.e. "Where was it that I landed that twenty-pound salmon?" "Fifteen pound salmon." "Not that one. The one when we were at Dead Pine Falls catty-corner from the place we saw the skunk with its head gnawed off." Well, she's just answered her own question, hasn't she? If Ham was still speaking to her, his only answer would be "It was at Dead Pine Falls, catty-corner from the place we saw the skunk with its head gnawed off." To which she would reply, "What?" And he would say, "At Dead Pine Falls, catty-corner from the place where we saw the skunk with its head gnawed off." And she would answer, "I know WHERE it was. I was asking WHEN was it?" And he would have to say, "You didn't SAY when, you said WHERE." "Oh I did not," "You did." "Oh, well, I MEANT when." "Well, you SAID WHERE." "Well, WHEN was it then?" "You never caught a twenty-pound salmon. You got a ten-pound and a fifteen-pound." "Oh, I did so." etc. etc.

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mechanical tones,
lettering

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Background
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KEN SIM

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GOING HOME

BOOK ONE

Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to
239)

BOOK TWO

Fall and the
River
(Cerebus 240 to
250)

BOOK THREE

Form & Void
(Cerebus 251 to
265)

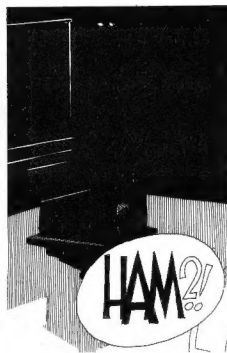
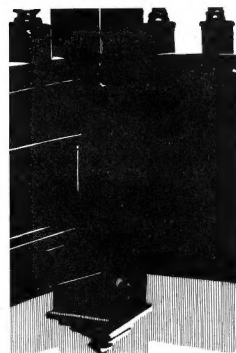
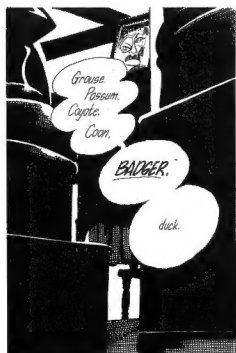
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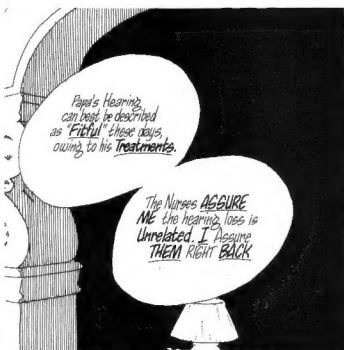
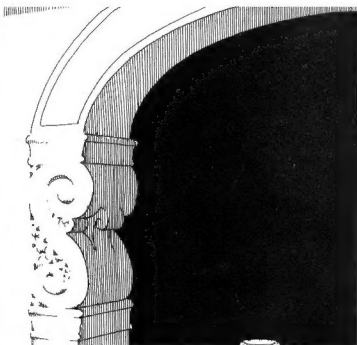
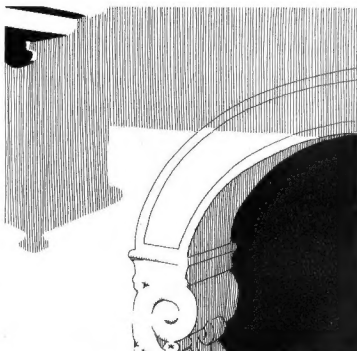
BOOK THREE
form & void

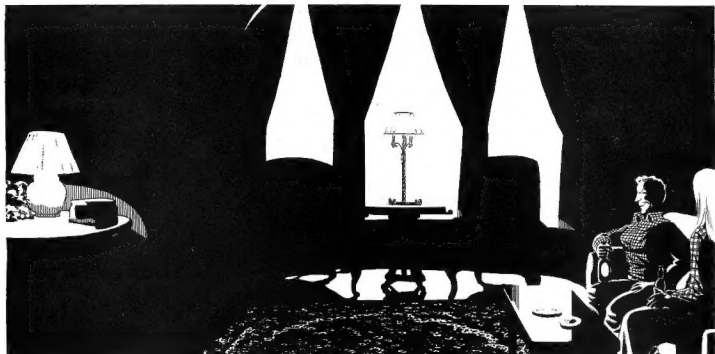
Beduin was always worth it and you received return for whatever you brought to it. But this is how Beduin was in the early days when we were very poor and very happy. It will always

be



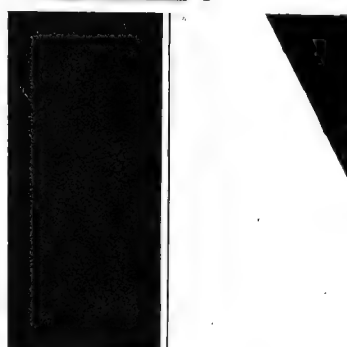
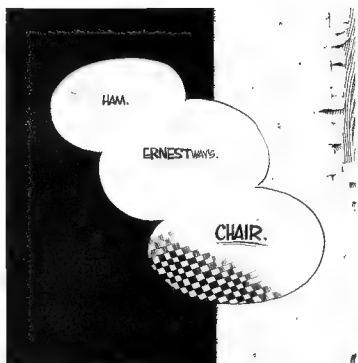


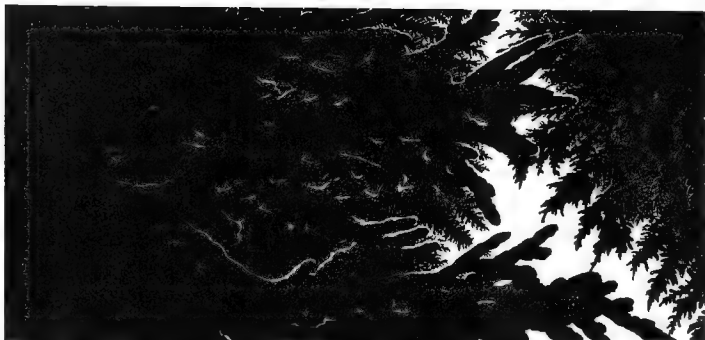
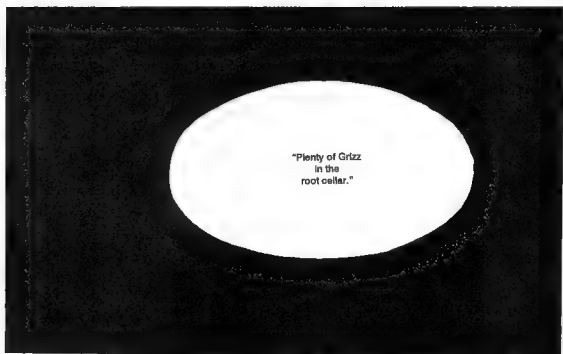




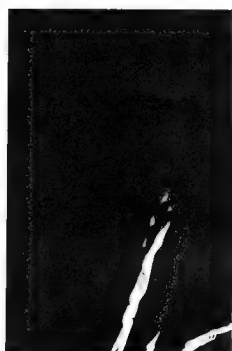
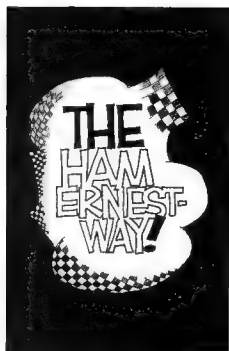


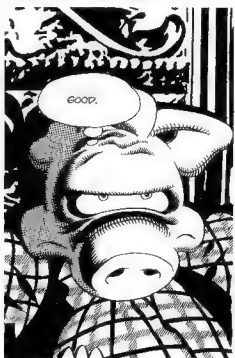
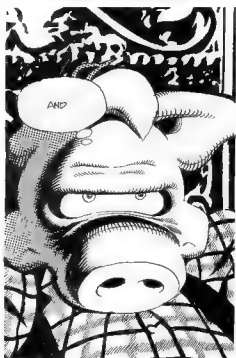












Cerebus is a
Nervous
Breakdown
Because he's having
Dinner

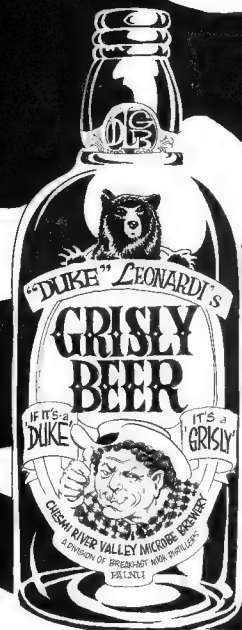
with
THE
HAM
ERNEST
WAY.

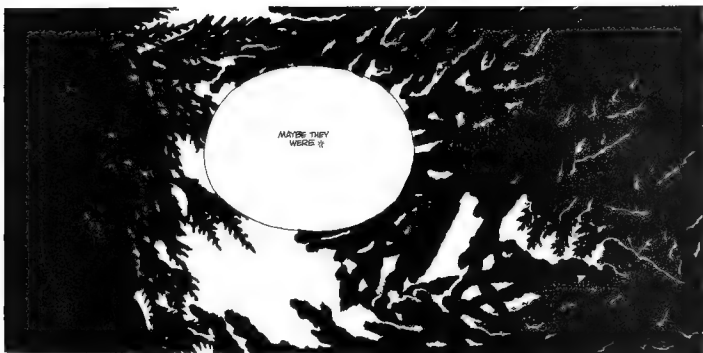


CALM
CALM
CALM
CEREBUS IS VERY
CALM

HOW
CALM IS
CEREBUS?

CEREBUS IS SO CALM
CEREBUS WAS COMPLETELY
FORGOTTEN ABOUT





MAYBE THEY
WERE IT



I FORGET THE
MILITARY TERM
FOR IT.

IT MEANS
"PRACTICING" ...

?

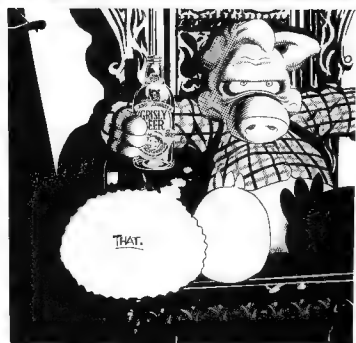
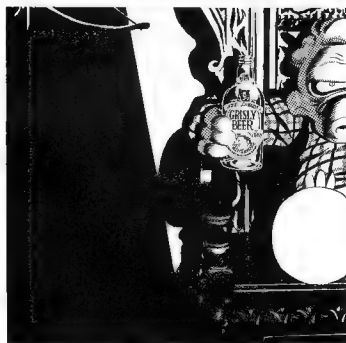
"ON
MANEUVERS" 2

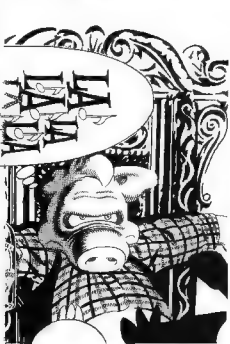
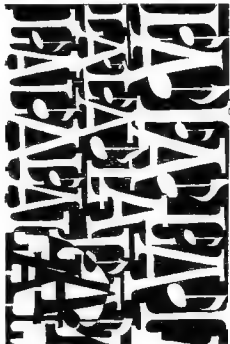
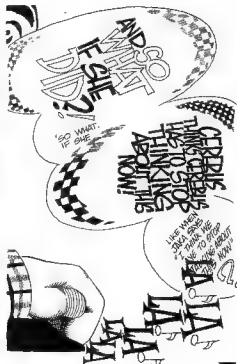


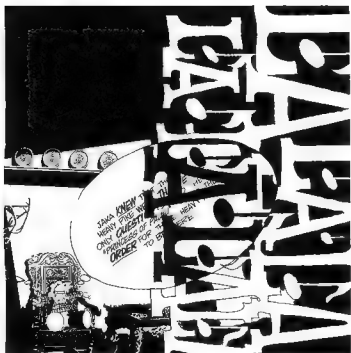
YES
"MANEUVERS" ...

JAKA. A WHOLE DIVISION
OF HEAVY PIKE WOULDN'T
STAGE MANEUVERS ON
A DOCK.

THEY'D STAGE
THEM ON A
FLAIN
OR...OR









TO HAM & HAM NOT

15 September 99 - And I read the introduction to *That Dangerous Summer*. And James Michener began to discuss bulls and bullfighting, and even James Michener began to sound like Papa, connecting his many simple sentences with "and" and writing as if translating his words from some romance language into English.

3 September 99 - The Hemingway voice in my head helps me to sleep well, for it is a voice with all the verve and the excitement of a metronome tick, tick, ticking, with its overlong sentences with too many "ands" in them and the sentences all strung together and making you think that you must be reading great literature because it always seems that there must be something just ahead of all the sentences with their too many "ands" and whatever it is when you get there will be like a large and ancient secret that will answer many questions. But then you get there and there is no ancient secret, just more simple sentences full of simple words, and every once in a while you stop and say, "This is Hemingway and Hemingway is considered to be the greatest writer of the 20th century" and you nod to yourself because that much, at least, is true.

20 August 99 - When I read Hemingway's work, I will run across a passage which in some way connects with another passage that I have read and because I know that I am doing research I will think to myself, I really must get up and make a note of this passage and how it applies to that other passage and sometimes I don't, saying to myself I will remember the passage so it is not necessary that I jump right up and make a note of it. Pretty soon I know I am lying because it is only a page or maybe two since I have read the passage, but already I cannot remember it or the other passage that it reminded me of because Hemingway's passages are like buses: there is another one along any minute and another one and another one. But I am trying to be a responsible Hemingway researcher so I finally forced myself to come in and write this even though I can't remember the passage that made me get up and come in here to my writing desk. But at least I have described how difficult it is to concentrate on researching Hemingway, so perhaps that is at least something.

2 November 99 - Write one true sentence, Ernest Hemingway told himself as he began his career; write the truest sentence you know.

It is raining today.

That sentence has four characteristics. One, it is a true sentence. Two, as my jeans I am wearing are still

wet from walking to work this morning, if it is not the truest sentence I know it is very close to it. Three, it is a Hemingway sentence made truly and good. Four, it has the same relationship to literature that Picasso's "paintings" have to art. To call "It is raining today" writing is "The Emperor's New Clothes." As Truman Capote said of Kerouac's "writing": "That's not writing, that's just typing."

1 November 99 - I had saved Hemingway for my later years as I have saved many writers for my later years after my experience with Dostoyevsky where, in my early twenties, I went on a Dostoyevsky binge and read everything he wrote in a period of a few months, not realizing until I was done that now I would never read a Dostoyevsky novel for the first time again ever in my life.

I saved *War and Peace* until I was in my forties. I have not read *Anna Karenina*. I have not read many of the most celebrated authors because there are few of them, relatively speaking, that all or most agree are the Greats of Literature. There are others who are not considered Great per se but who are considered to have written a Great book or perhaps two.

One such author with his Great book that one hears much of is William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch*. I remember the day that I bought a used copy of *Naked Lunch* and went eagerly to Victoria Park to enjoy William Burroughs' Great book. I read about a page and a half and said, "Oh. Typing" (in the Capotean sense). I threw the book in the trash. To call *Naked Lunch* literature is also the same as calling Picasso's paintings art. It is "The Emperor's New Clothes."

2 November 99 - To refresh everyone's memory including my own, I went to the library and photocopied the Hans Christian Andersen fable "The Emperor's New Clothes" and brought it back to the studio where I read it. It is the story of an Emperor who is only interested in clothing and how two swindlers come to town and announce that they make the most fabulous material in the world, so fine and rare that it cannot be seen by anyone who is unfit for his post or by those who are incredibly stupid. They begin to make a set of clothes for the Emperor, ostensibly using the finest silk and the finest gold but actually pocketing the silk and the gold and "weaving" on empty looms. So the Emperor sends his Chamberlain (oh, yes, Hans Christian Anderson remembers at this point, everyone has been told about the "unfit for his post" and "incredibly stupid" part). So the Emperor sends his honest, old Chamberlain to see how the work is coming along, and the Chamberlain, seeing nothing on the looms and mindful of possibly being "unfit for his

office" and "incredibly stupid," pretends to see the rich colours and the intricate designs described to him by the swindlers and relays their description verbatim to the Emperor, as do the next two officials the Emperor sends. Finally the New Clothes are ready and the Emperor himself comes with his courtiers, who all pretend to see the new glorious suit of clothes so as not to be thought unfit for their post or very stupid. Each "piece" is fitted onto the Emperor ("These are Your Imperial Majesty's knee-breeches. This is Your Imperial Majesty's robe. This is Your Imperial Majesty's mantle" and so forth) and he is reassured "It is all as light as a spider's web, one might fancy one had nothing on, but that is just the beauty of it!" It is only during the public procession to exhibit the magnificent set of New Clothes that a little child gasps:

"But he hasn't got any clothes on!"

"But he hasn't got any clothes on!" shouted the whole town at last. The Emperor had a creepy feeling down his spine, because it began to dawn upon him that the people were right. "All the same," he thought to himself, "I've got to go through with it as long as the procession lasts."

So he held himself up and held his head higher than before, and the courtiers held on to the train that wasn't there at all.

It is the "whole town" assertion which robs the story of much potential meaning to me and makes the story either inadequate or incomplete. What of the courtiers who were "holding" the Emperor's imaginary train? Did they cry out "But he hasn't any clothes on"? What about the townsfolk whose interest in the procession extended only to its value as a test to reveal who is unfit for his (or her—updating Mr. Andersen in good 20th-century politically correct fashion) post and who is incredibly stupid? Would they not cry with triumphant zeal "Aha! You are unfit for your post and incredibly stupid! You cannot see how magnificent the Emperor's New Clothes are!" instead of "But he hasn't got any clothes on"? When the procession ended, did the Emperor have the two swindlers arrested? Or did he order another even more magnificent set of "clothes"?

Incomplete and inadequate as "The Emperor's New Clothes" is, to me, I would still rate it, as literature, a good deal higher than Ernest Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" which it resembles very truly when it comes to using very simple declarative sentences. "The Emperor's New Clothes" is at least about something and it expresses an idea. Although the idea is simplified or incomplete or inadequately developed, it is, at least, self-evidently there. There is no idea expressed, adequately or otherwise, in "Big Two-Hearted River." To me, it is not writing. It is typing.

Ho, ho, ho. Did you read what that foolish misogynist and evil person Dave Sim is writing in *Cerebus* now?! He says that Ernest Hemingway's legendary short story "Big Two-Hearted River" expresses no idea. How can that be, when Ernest Hemingway is the greatest writer of the 20th century as everyone knows and Ernest Hemingway won the Pulitzer Prize and the Nobel Prize and "Big Two-Hearted River" as everyone knows has been acknowledged by Great Writers everywhere as one of the Greatest Short Stories Ever Written?! No wonder everyone knows Dave Sim is a foolish misogynist and an evil person. He even says that Picasso's paintings are not art when everyone knows that Picasso is the Greatest Painter of the 20th century and his paintings hang in museums and sell for millions and millions of dollars and books and movies are made about him!

Soon we will all say goodbye to the 20th century. The century of the Emperor's New Art.

I had decided that I would end the millennium in *Cerebus* with a one-two punch: F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. Several times as I worked on my F. Scott Fitzgerald character, F. Stop Kennedy, and as I worked on F. Stop Kennedy's book, *Pleasure's Simple Life*, many times I thought: this is almost too hard, working on these word rhythms and polishing each phrase, trying to polish it truly and good so as not to lose the spontaneity of expression but to polish it nonetheless. Many times I thought: imagine how hard it will be to write like Ernest Hemingway who everyone knows won the Pulitzer and Nobel Prizes! It will be, I would think to myself, like trying to write like Norman Mailer as I did in "Pilgrimage to Provincetown" and the sequence in *Guys* and like trying to write like Oscar Wilde in *Jaka's Story* and like trying to write like F. Scott Fitzgerald in "Fall and the River" and in "Chasing Scott" only it will be like trying to write like all of them at once, rolled together and maybe even it will be harder still than that! And as issue 251 loomed up towards me and I was only two months ahead on the book, even writing issue 249 so Gerhard would have to do most of the drawing so I would have another two weeks to add to my two months that I was ahead, even so, I thought to myself, this is impossible. I studied Scott Fitzgerald's writing for more than a year before I thought and felt that I was only a little up to the task of imitating his *The Beautiful and Damned* voice. I began my hard study of Ernest Hemingway's writing only a few hours after I had finished my part of "Fall and the River."

See the old man.

See the sea.

See the old man chase the big fish in his little boat.

Chase the big fish, old man, chase the big fish.

As I have said, truly it was a good joke on me.
Ho, ho, ho.

In a way, studying Ernest Hemingway's writing was as hard to do as I thought it was going to be, but only because it is very hard to read "See Dick run. Run, Dick, run" for any length of time once you are past the age of seven. It is not hard to see, I thought to myself, how Hemingway could disbelieve Scott Fitzgerald when Fitzgerald told Hemingway about Fitzgerald's marathon writing sessions of eight hours or more. Hemingway called Fitzgerald a liar and told him no one could write for longer than four hours or so. When I read that, during my Fitzgerald research, I thought it was very "untrue" and "ungood" for me, because I have written for longer than four hours at a stretch and there are many writers who do so and have done so. Like so many others I thought Hemingway must be right and I must be wrong, for was not Hemingway the winner of both the Nobel and Pulitzer Prize (er—the Pulitzer and Nobel Prize?)?

Once I read Hemingway's writing I understood. It is possible to write for eight hours or more. It is not possible to type for nine hours.

Put another way, an infinite number of monkeys with an infinite number of typewriters writing simple declarative sentences will from time to time type a particularly engaging simple, declarative sentence or two and sometimes three. But after four hours they are going to be through for the day and they will need to drink a pitcher of margaritas each.

2 November 99 - It came as a surprise to me when I bought a copy of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* that it felt like a reasonably thick book and when I flipped that to the back I found that it was 471 pages long and, not only that, I found it was in what appeared to be normal-sized type for a novel. What obtains here, I queried myself, for I had come to expect that a Hemingway book seldom clocked in at much over two hundred pages and that the two hundred pages were only accomplished through the use of font sizes seldom seen outside of the third-from-the-bottom lines on eye charts such as are used by optometrists who can be both professional and good and not-so-professional and sometimes bad.

I was about fifty pages into *For Whom the Bell Tolls*—perhaps it was seventy-five pages and perhaps it was forty pages, but I am sure it was less than a hundred—when I came to the sickening realization that Hemingway thought he was writing his own version of *War and Peace* and he thought how one did such a thing was to type and type and type and type as if one were a stadium full of monkeys, each with two or maybe three typewriters all typing truly and good and maybe they even had a dozen typewriters each which were Smith-Coronas and they had solved the problem of how they

could type on a dozen typewriters at once by perhaps growing twenty more hands each and all typing and typing truly and good and good and truly and the earth would move which it only does two or maybe three times in the lifetime of a stadium full of monkeys and that's one.

The discourteous reader will perhaps now be thinking that foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist who was not so much as listed on *The Comics Journal's* Top 100 list let alone ever at all winning the Nobel or Pulitzer—er, make that the Pulitzer or the Nobel—Prize is making *For Whom the Bell Tolls* sound worse than it is. For that reader, foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist now directs your attention to Hemingway's "Old Newsman Writes: A Letter from Cuba" (*Esquire*, December 1934, reprinted in *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway*).

In the meantime, since it is Christmas, if you want to read a book by a man who knows exactly what he is writing about and has written it marvellously well, read Appointment in Samarra by John O'Hara.

Then when you have more time read another book called War and Peace by Tolstoi and see how you will have to skip the big Political Thought passages, that he undoubtedly thought were the best things in the book when he wrote it, because they are no longer either true or important, if they ever were more than topical, and see how true and lasting and important the people and the action are. Do not let them deceive you about what a book should be because of what is in the fashion now. All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you; the good and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people and the places and how the weather was. If you can get so that you can give that to people, then you are a writer. Because that is the hardest thing of all to do. If, after that, you want to abandon your trade and get into politics, go ahead, but it is a sign that you are afraid to go on and do the other, because it is getting too hard and you have to do it alone and so you want to do something where you can have friends and well wishers, and be part of a company engaged in doing something worth doing instead of working all your life at something that will only be worth doing if you do it better than it has ever been done.

Well, maybe foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist is amazed because the *War and Peace* that he read was about the War of 1812 and it was thought about truly and good not only when Leo Tolstoy was scratch, scratch, scratching with his pen because they did not yet have Smith-Coronas but thought about and researched by Leo Tolstoy extensively until he came to the conclusion that

everything *else* which had been written to that time about Napoleon's Russian campaign and occupation of Moscow and subsequent retreat was just so much French and Russian twaddle and in addition to writing truly and good about the people and the action and the weather, Leo Tolstoy made such an irrefutable case for his version of events that the reputation of Napoleon as a military genius suffered a mortal blow so that to this day the consensus which has emerged favours Tolstoy's view of Napoleon far more than the French Chauvinistic view which prevailed across all of the civilized world at the time of the writing of *War and Peace*. While there is value in Hemingway's advice on writing to "quit when you are going good" each day, to stop when you know exactly what will happen next (at least for the kind of writing Hemingway did where each of his novels began as a short story which basically just—type, type, type—kept going), that is *not* how you write *War and Peace*. While it is true that Tolstoy had his own military experience and brought that to bear on the writing of *War and Peace*, he was wise enough not to write about the campaigns in which he had

3 November 99 - fought himself, knowing that a novelist/historian needs not only to read many books on his subject but that he has to wait a long enough time so that source materials come available and there exist books which contain many eyewitness accounts and assessments and counter-assessments and counter-counter-assessments. It seems to foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist worth pointing out that when Leo Tolstoy heard that there was a Civil War beginning between the American Union States and Confederate States, he did not choose to abandon *War and Peace* and sign a lucrative contract with a fashionable Russian magazine to write journalist dispatches from Appomattox with a canteen full of gin on one hip and a canteen full of cognac on the other. Nor did he return home a year later to write the "definitive" war novel of the American Civil War. Sufficient time had passed between the American Civil War and the time of Hemingway's writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls* for Hemingway to have done so, but it is impossible to read and annotate and cross-reference many, many books when you make it a rule that after typing for four hours every morning (except Sunday because it is bad luck to type on Sunday), it is time then to stop thinking and have a gin and tonic or two or three before you head out for the Floridita for your first margarita of the day where you can have friends and well wishers, and be part of a company engaged in doing...something...

Uh.

But when you wake up the next morning still a little groggy perhaps from the *last* margarita and begin again to type, type, type if you have left off when you were going good and you know what happens next in your typing, if you are going truly and good you should be able to write truly and good about people and action, the good

and the bad, the ecstasy, the remorse and sorrow, the people (again) and the places and how the weather was, because while it is impossible to *write* under those conditions it is, at least, possible to *type* truly and good about all those things, as Hemingway proved page after page after page after page, day after day after day after day, type, type, type, type.

And if you are a very lucky, great careerist (as Gore Vidal described you) and when people read your typing like the example above and the part where you talk about "All good books are alike in that they are truer than if they had really happened and after you are finished reading one you will feel that all that happened to you and afterwards it all belongs to you," everyone who reads it will stumble over the "all that happened to you" and go back several times thinking, "I must be unfit for my office or incredibly stupid because I think there are words missing here" and even when you realize that "all that happened to you" *should* be "all that you *just read* happened to you" and you are Arnold Gingrich the legendary *Esquire* editor you don't change it because you are *only* Arnold Gingrich and who are you to tell Papa that there are words missing from his typing?

Okay, first you were Hemingway and then you were suddenly Arnold Gingrich at the end there, but you know what foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist means.

Page 357 - *The Torrents of Spring*, when I finally read it, was, indeed a hatchet job but perhaps more surgical than that, but only a little more as if Ernest had used a too-large knife to clarify the line which separated his own work from that of Sherwood Anderson, occasionally making a clean incision and occasionally following some imaginary curve so that something which was Anderson's became Hemingway's and where mutilation occurred and was inevitable, cutting carefully so that the mutilation always took place on Anderson's side of the cutting. If a butcher could be described as surgical then *The Torrents of Spring* was both.

When Scribner associated Morley Callaghan with Hemingway in its publicity as Hemingway had been associated with Sherwood Anderson, it was fortunate for Hemingway's self-inflated reputation that Callaghan was a Canadian gentleman and not an American butcher-surgeon, for Hemingway had shown all would-be butcher-surgeons how it was done if anyone cared to try. Hemingway showed how to cut so that you could take something that belonged to someone else and make it your own and mutilate much of what you left behind so it was no good anymore.

Where did Hemingway give up on Anderson's *Dark Laughter*? The part with the journalist who wants to be a writer, to have the deft touch with words that the man did with varnish—not too much, not too little? Anderson was like an old dog trying to teach himself new tricks. He was trying to use what he saw in *Ulysses* to tell his

own stories and to take Joyce's stream-of-consciousness and free associations and put them into his own work. It is as if Hemingway felt betrayed when he found something in Anderson's work that he did not want to steal. If Hemingway did not want to steal it or if Hemingway had not stolen it already, to Hemingway it did not belong there and if Hemingway thought it did not belong there, then to Hemingway it was bad writing. It seems to me that they were all looking for something—Anderson, Hemingway, Joyce, Gertrude Stein—looking for a way to do for, or rather *to*, literature what Picasso had done for, or rather *to*, painting. To strip it down to its bare essentials which is a nice way of saying to find a way to do it which is not so difficult and so time-consuming as actual writing and actual painting so that there is more time to sit around pontificating about art and Art and literature and Literature and getting into feuds with each other and eating very good peasant food and drinking very good peasant wine and living like any bourgeois office manager while regarding one's self as something finer than that, for obscure manufactured reasons. But the important part is eliminating work or confining it to three or four hours a day, tops. Hemingway found what they were looking for and is warmly remembered by those who would never otherwise have been considered anything but amateur writers just as Picasso is warmly remembered by those who would never otherwise have been considered anything but amateur painters. In a way, what Hemingway did was very democratic in that it allowed anyone who wished to be a writer to be a writer. All that was required was to have some experiences and to write about them using very simple one-syllable words one after another and lying about the parts that you wanted to be more interesting than your actual experiences had been.

Page 388 - The paragraph which closes the published version of *A Moveable Feast*, Ernest Hemingway's unfinished memoirs of Paris in the 1920s and '30s. "It will always be" is my own addition as is the substitution of "Beduin" for "Paris." It was the first Hemingway book that I read, as two of the chapters deal with his memories of F. Scott Fitzgerald, so I read it as part of my research for "Fall and the River." At the time, I explained to myself that it was so badly written because Hemingway's literary powers were failing him by that time. According to one of Hemingway's biographers, he first began to think of writing about his memories of F. Scott Fitzgerald the month that I was born, May of 1956.

Page 389 - Ham Ernestway's wife, Mary, is based on Hemingway's fourth wife, also named Mary. In 1976 she published her memoirs, *How It Was*, making free use of Hemingway's letters to her, in violation of his written

and signed instructions that none of his letters were to be printed—instructions which she used to keep anyone else from using Hemingway's letters besides herself. Unlike Hemingway's work, Mary's prose is at least readable (she was a correspondent for *Time* magazine during the Second World War). It is her "just one of the boys" tough talk that is the foundation for much of the humour in "Form and Void." If you do not find a woman pretending to be "just one of the boys" funny, then much of the humour in "Form and Void" will be lost on you. Mary Hemingway's "just one of the boys" tone extends even to the index of her book, thus making it the only book in my experience to have a funny index. I was interested in providing a particular excerpt of her tough talk but found myself unable to locate it by skimming. Knowing that the incident had taken place at their house in Cuba, the Finca Vigia, I looked up in the index: *Cuba (Finca Vigia), privacy, intrusion on*. Although the episode I was seeking was not to be found under *privacy, intrusion on*, but rather under *thievery*, I confess that I find *privacy, intrusion on* very, very funny when it appears in the index of a woman's book. The episode in question:

They had not touched our pictures, or, as far as I could discover, any of our bibelots—old English and French silver jugs, Venetian figurines, first editions, the flat silver in the pantry. While we voiced thanks for their ignorance, Ernest set up a series of booby-traps involving a bell, a Mauser pistol and a stack of shotguns which should both surprise intruders and alert us. But for weeks afterward I slept more lightly than usual and got up in the nights to investigate noises. Having heard unlikely sounds from the direction of the pool, I was padding down the front steps in my nightie one 2 a.m. when Ernest yelled at me from my bedroom window. He had me covered with the revolver from his night table.

"Come back here."

"I thought I heard something."

"Come in here, you crazy kitten. You're not even armed." I had thought that a short conversation was the only weapon I needed. But the Boss of our place was now prepared to shoot in the general direction of any sound he did not like. He advised me to keep out of his possible lines of fire and thereafter I did.

"He advised me to keep out of his possible lines of fire and thereafter I did" juxtaposed with "nightie" just cracks foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist up. Perhaps in a few decades there will be readers of foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist's work who will also find such things funny or perhaps when their wives or girlfriends are not watching there are some who already do. Who is to say for certain? Certainly not I, thinks foolish Dave Sim the evil misogynist, typing gleefully away to himself.

